HEARD AND SEEN .. A Column FROM and FOR Everybody ...

IF YOU BUT TRY. There's always something you can do
To help another mortal through
This life; when all seems dark and
blue.

If you but try.
You can extend a helping hand
To him who struggles hard to stand.
When nothing comes out as he
planned,

If you but try. You can direct his erring feet
And cause him to be more discreet
About life's problems he must meet,
If you but try.
You can instill within his breast
New hope and courage; and request
Him to go on and do his best.
If you but try.

You always can help out somehow. No matter what goes wrong, I vow. By stepping up and acting now, If you but try.

Then you will not by chance forget To do a kind act, and I bet You will have no cause to regret, If you but try.

There's always something you can say To some sad soul along the way. To brighten up life's darkest day. If you but try.
A cheerful word will do a lot To make one's sorrows be forgot, And your glad words will hit the spot, If you but try.

You can help to make life worth while And shorten every weary mile. By greeting others with a smile, If you but try. You can protect the innocent And weak from harm, and be content That God is in acknowledgment.

If you but try.

You can be clean and do what's right, And lead dark souls into the light So they can better their sad plight; If you but try. So let it now be understood. That you, yourself, can do some good On this earth; and I know you would, If you but try. PERCY W. GREENE.

Some men get good money for being convincing talkers; others are equally well paid for keeping their mouths shut. There seems to be room in this world for all. FRED VETTER.

Now, Bill, you ask contribs to be brief.

To make their stuff short and snappy, so, aren't a deaf and dumb bride and groom

Just "unspeakably happy."

MINNIE.

TAIL LIGHTS ON

COWS AND CALVES Dear Bill: A Fresno, Cal., farmer failed to hang a tail light on one of his calves; it strayed into the road; a motorist collided with it, and sued the farmer for \$229 damages to his car. He insists that stock should obey the traf-

Maybe the Maryland legislature will compel Maryland farmers to lights on their mules, as well as cows and calves. Nearly every Washington motorist can recall finding Maryland stock standing peacefully in the roads, both day and night, quite unconcerned about approaching vehicles. MOTORIST. SOME "BEST" THINGS.

The best law.—The Golden Rule. The best education—Self-knowl-The best philosopher—A contented mind.

The best medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance.

The best war—The fight against one's own weakness.

The best music—The laughter of

a child.
The best art—Painting a smile on a face that is sad.
The best science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
The best illumination—Fashing army of hope into a despairing heart. The best blography—The life that writes "Charity" in the largest letters.

letters.
The best mathematics—Multiplying the Joys and dividing the sorrows of others. FLORENCE N. HOAGLAND.

Bill Price uses the best of our stuff, And the Office Goat gets the rest; So, 'wixt Bill, us and the old goat We've a column that is the best, LULU M. SCHULTZ.

YOUR FIRST PUPPY LOVE.

Dear Bill P .: For some reason there comes to my mind my first case of puppy love. We were in the fifth grade and she sat in row F, seat 5. I had it quite bad. I used to spend every penny I could get my hands on buying candy to divide with her. thought she was heaven itself, but we had some words one day because she acted sweet toward another fellow with curly hair. She stuck her tongue out at me, and it was all over.

The Old Column is such a great place for the human things f our lives that it occurs to me the readers and contributors might find some pleasure recalling their first or second cases of puppy love and how it turned out. So give 'em a chance to tell their stories and then print them,

KAYDON.

Izzy-"Today I was out to look at Washington's monu ment. My goodness, but it is high."

Dizzy — "Vell, if you is tinkin of buyin, take from me a leedle tip an' vait until : leedle bit longer. Everyting vill be lower by anodder year. HARPERS FERRY.

HER BUSY MORNING.

A housewife got up cross one morning and "fired up" the floor; range; "mopped up" the floor; the wash; "swept 'put out" the wasn; down" the stairs: "shook" furnace; "darned" the sc "cut" the wood and "cleaned up" things generally, all because her husband had used her face powder jar as an ash tray the night before. Don't some people get mad easy? W. E. HAYGHE.

ataraministro (ministr

WHO REMEMBERS?

WHEN BATTENFIELDS GRAY-BAT WAS THE SPEED MARVEL OF THE POTOMAC AND SUPPOSED TO BE THE FASTEST SPEED CRAFT IN SOUTHERN WATERS



INTHIS STYLE AND EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY AND REVENUE AGENTS WEREN'T HEARD OF AND THEIR WERE NO TRAFFIC REGULATIONS AND PLENTY OF COAL IN THE COAL-BIN.

(BRING BACK THOSE WONDERFULDAYS) _

Day by day in every way, We get less, yet more we pay. Prices seem to upward soar. Up high today, tomorrow more. Our children will be old and gray E'er things return to the old way. When a dollar made you "feel a

king;" Today it won't buy a "gol darn" thing. In every way, and day by day, We get "tr:mmed" in "hold-up"

"DAY BY DAY."

way. In fact, it seems that everyone, Now robs us daily, just for fun. We may (?) grow better day by day; But I can't see it in that way. I will agree with "Coue"—the time We get ten cents' worth for our "PANSY RUSH."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Lamenting his wife's waning interest in him, a friend advised him to use the lover's tactics that he won her with to rewin her affections. "I'll do it!" and, instantly act-

ing on the sudden resolve, he home and entering house boyishly noisy, grabbed his wife and nearly suffocated her with bear-hugs and kisses. The shock was too sudden. In-

stead of the smile of gratitude and pleasure he had expected she wrathfully struggled free and bitterly mouned, between sobs Baby swallowed a button, the cat died, the cook quit, my nice roast burned, the plumbing is leaking, and—and NOW you've came home drunk! C. J. MENASCO.

One advantage a bachelor has is that there is no wifey to fuss about his tie once he gets it adjusted.

IN ANACOSTIA.

WHEN THE EASTERN-

WOULD FREEZE UP AND

YOU COULD SKATE

FROM BENNING D.C. TO

ALEXANDRIA.

BRANCH AND THE POTOMAC

WASHINGTON TIMES-HERALD-An American Paper for the American People-SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1922.

WHY SHE DID IT.

Her name was Priscilla O'Hare. But she carried one hand in the air. Not because it gave her a pain, But to show, again and again. Her betrothal gift—a diamond soli-

"Moonshine Pete" says: "If jazz is on its last legs then I am EARLY MORNING.

IN THE COUNTRY-At 4 o'clock the noisy cock

By Dick Mansfield

HEARD OF

WHEN YOU FIRST GOT THE IDEA

WAS NO SANTA CLAUS AND HOW

YOU'D LIE AWAKE NEARLY ALL

HERE'S REMEMBER

ING YOU FOR

NEW-YEAR

IN YOUR HEAD THAT THERE

XMAS EVE TRYING TO

GET AN EYE FULL

SANTA CLAUS

ASTOVE PIPE

· YIT'LL BE

APRIL BEFORE

SHE STARTS MELTING

Booms forth a lusty crow, To tell each hen and all the men To work they soon must go.

The horses neigh for oats and hay, The pigs begin to squeal,

The cattle low to let you know That they, too, want a meal.

IN THE CITY-

You try your best to get some While mad enough to fight.

"REVOLUTION BLUES." When nations start to prosper, And all warfare seems to cease, omeone starts a revolution, That destroys the reign of Peace.

When prospects seem the bright-And the ways of peace prevail, Two factions start to fighting, It was never known to fail.

Once 'twas Mexico that battled. Through the revolution stage, But when her wars subsided. The style was all the rage. Shure nixt it was the Irish.

That plunged into the fray.

To fight a revolution, In the good ould Irish way.

Across the sea to Asia, Sped this ever-present pest, To start some merry battles, And destroy the nations' rest, When good will seems prevailing, 'Tis a time men always choose, To start this hateful warfare, I've got those revolution blues!

A "PARTNERSHIP RESOLVED." "BRIDGEPORT" says a friend of his down in Virginia read this

J. H. HOLMAN.

"The partnership resisting twixt Mose and he is hereby resolved. Those that the firm owes see Mose; them that owes

THAT "CLARENCE CLUB."

Dear Bill: What has become of the "Clarence Club" that the Clarences of Washington were going to organize. A while ago everybody blessed with that dizzy name was crazy to form a club. Why can't we begin over to establish such a club. The name Clarence means "illustrious," and we've got nothing to be ashamed of. CLARENCE R. C.

MUST BE A GREAT BAND. From Portage (Pa.) Press.

We feel it is encumbent upon us to say a few words of praise for the Citizens' Band of Portage. On two occasions lately we have listened to them discourse sweet music to the people of this village; under the leadership of Arthur Cuilen they are fast becoming a credit to this town, and, being composed of young men having the asset of learning now at their command that will at each rehearsal be instilled in their brain that time should not eradicate, but will form a neuculeous that will give them more knowledge of this art and in the end they will be a credit to this town, themselves and to the community.

We do not state this on account

town, themselves and to the community.

We do not state this on account of the leader being a relation of ours. We merely give credit where credit is due. We are not ashamed to say when hearing them play away from home: That is the Portage Band. Listen to them closely when playing, the perfect union of the notes blended together when each instrument is required will make them soon the leaders of the county. The paved street now will afford them an egress for outdoor practice.

HAVE THIS WEEK, AFTER THEN HOLIDAYS

many different weeks now, I'm just thinking if a good, old-fash-ioned "Spanking Week" might not improve things all over the country? It should be for the special benefit of over-indulgent parents who let their offspring do about as they please. Such a week might teach many presentday youngsters to respect and venerate fathers and mothers more than they do.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

Now as we prepare to greet a new Yuletide. When peace and good will should prevail. Oh, may we all in harmony abide. Remembering those whom woes as-

Begin at once to diffuse glad cheer; Choose pleasing words and wear s Choose pleasing words and wear a smile; Encourage some downcast one now

"Yes, my wife believes in a fifty-fifty proposition, as be-tween husband and wife—that

ONCE AGAIN! To Bill and the fans: Greetings jolly, Heaps of holly.

COMPLETE IDENTIFICATION.

Real good times for all,

puted law point in the police court became much excited. They began to call each other names. "You're an ass," said one.
"You're a liar," said the other.

magistrate interjected 'Now that you gentlemen have

identified each other, kindly pro-ceed with the case." P. D. Q. STUNG! THE FLAPPER

Oh! She was good looking—a blonde and all that;
She would even look good in any old hat;
She was all for you, she just led you on;
She made you think the world was a song.

CHUCK BLUFFS IN GOTHAM :-: By O.O. McINTYRE

EW YORK'S Four Hundred leaps from the silken coverlets every week or so to learn that another Prince has become a Quince.

The suave young cavalier with crested calling cards who made a perfectly dandy fourth at bridge turned out to be an apple polisher -or something-from Sauk Center.

If you have a bluff aching to be chucked-welcome to our city. This is the place to chuck it. And the sky is the limit. Go over the trail. And if you

think this is a sophisticated and

suspicious city you need careful

The grilled doors of mansions have been thrown open to so many humbugs that you would imagine something would be done about it. But nothing is done. Barnum

spake a mouthful. Within my brief memory of New York I recall the ex-factory hand from New Britain, Conn., who posed as the last of the Bourbons, descendant of King Louis XVI. who was the central figure among a season's debutantes at Sherry's and Delmonico's.

Then Stephen Weinberg, of Brooklyn. He posed as a lieutenant commander in the navy and introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding. He is now in Atlanta making little ones out of the larger ones.

"Count Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory"-stable boy, servant and jailbird-whose real name was Gruenebaum. He was given a reception by Mrs. John Jacob

"Lord Gray," son of a Glasgow cab driver. He duped the British war office, came to America and married two heiresses.

"Duke d'Estanhaut." seeped over from Tenth avenue, where he was a gambling-house runner, and sat in opera boxes with the elite. He had arrived from Russia in a steerage six months before.

Then there was Prince Zerdecheno Saide, picturesque Oriental potentate from Kurdistan. In reality a Chicago automobile salesman and the glibbest prattler of the lot.

There is truth in the very old song: "The world is so full of a num-

ber of Princes. "A few of 'em royal, and some of

the side lines and watch the entrances of the royal four-flushers. They need very little scenerya high hat, frock coat, a Pecsian

majority escape detection. These royal four-flushers are not skilled in deception. They are recruited from the ranks of the illiterate, which makes it all the more lu-

Back in 1912, a spurious young nobleman used to accompany a social leader in her coach and four as she trumpeted her way down Fifth avenue in the late afternoon. He would toss a wink at the uniformed doorman in front of a jewelry establishment. The doorman was his father.

I'd like to see a pseudo duke put it over the folks back in my home town. They don't go in much for royalty back there. They are getting so they chase lightning rod agents the moment they step on the depot platform.

Now and then-perhaps every twenty years-a Walingford leaves Main street sadder and wiser, but in New York it happens once or

twice in twenty-four hours. It isn't always "royalty" that crashes the barriers. The professional Bringers of Light-the crystal gazera, Omnipotent Coms and anything in it I understand, but like the Symptoms on the outaround on the library table. New York is the target for more fakes and isms than any other

civilized center in the world. It doesn't matter if they fizzle and fall flat, there are plenty of people to think up new ones. If you've a jimmypipe, joysmoke idea lying around loose, varnish it up, take the train for this cultured metropolis and you can cash in.

things are kept very secret.

New Yorkers.

Street here.

There isn't a play in town that

else in the world on a bet. It is the only town I have ever found

and play around all afternoon and

interest for every moment.

famous painting in the old Knickerbocker Hotel bar, at the corner of Forty-second and Broadway, New

UNCLE EPH.

WHEN GOOD HOPE HILL

TO OLD HARRISON ST.

WAS THE MECCA FOR TRUCK

SLEDING AND YOU'D GO FROM

THE TOP O' THE HILL CLEAN

a dead one.'

The rattling car keeps up its jar From bedtime till it's light.

Dear Bill: We are having so

Intruding not, yet helping all the

Today is the time you have in sight;
The morrow many may never see.
Endeavor to make each moment bright;
Nearer bliss your path will be.
H. SMITH.

is, 50 per cent of my salary for her to spend on herself and my 50 per cent to spend—on her," I heard a chap remark.

OIDONO. The two lawyers arguing a dis-

By golly!

AND THE "POOR FISH" Until one day, without warning fair, She gave you the gate, gave you the air; She even gave you an ley stare. She didn't consider your half of the

The time spent in foolishness, dinners, the same.
She asked everything of you, but when she was through
She merely broke off, and now she is laughing at you.

W. D. S.

THE SEARCH FOR CLIMATE :-: BY GEORGE ADE placid Dairy Region in the Com

of the deepest dye who was all out of Kelter. He felt the Picture you see in the Almanac entitled, "Before Taking." When his Liver was striking

suggesting an Alligator Pear. He could see little Balloons drifting about in the deep-blue Ether. His Tummy told him that some one had moved in and

This poor, stricken Gloomer had time-tabled himself all over the Universe, trying to connect up with a Climate that would put him on his Feet again.

He had de-luxed himself to remote Spots that were supplied with Steam Heat and French Cooking, together with Wines, Liquors, and Cigars but no matter what the Altitude or the Relative Humidity, he felt discouraged every Morning when he awoke and remembered that presently he would have to rally his Vital Forces and walk all the way to

the Words seem almost Ironic.

To show you how he worked at could hoist unlimited Scotch and yet sidestep the feeling of Re-

members of the Royal Alcholic Society is that the normal state of Melancholy is such that even a case of Willies merely blends in with the surrounding Drabness. He learned to like the Smoky Taste and could even take it warm, but still he felt Rocky, and up to 3 P. M. was only about 30 per cent. Human. One evening he heard about the wonderful Vin Ordinaire of Sunny France. He was told that the Peasants who irrigated themselves with a brunette Fluid resembling diluted Ink were simply staggering

out the day before.

both ways from the Middle. gimpy as a wet Towel. Every time the Petrol Chariot pulled up in front of a Brasserie. he would call for a Flagon of some rare old Vintage squeezed no Climate on the Map which



Notwithstanding this brave Effort to overtake Health, he would feel like a frost-nipped Turnip when the matutinal Chanticleer told him that another blue Dawn was sneaking over the Hills. Then he heard of the wonder-

ful Air and Dietary Advantages

of Germany. It seemed that the

Fatherland was staging a Comeback because every Fritz kept himself saturated with the Essence of Munich. So all the way from Dusseldorf to Wohlgebaum he played the Circuit of Gardens with nice clean Gravel on the Ground and Dill Pickles festooned among the Caraway Trees. Every time the Band began to breathe a new waltz he would have Otto bring

But the very Treatment which developed large and coarse-grained Heines seemed to make this Son of Connecticut just about as

some Copper Mines which helped

monwealth regulated by Mr. La Follette.

up a Desire for Luncheon out of a Silver Flask, when suddenly the car turned a complete Somersault, because a heavy Freight Train had met Number Six head

Splints and a kind-faced Lady pressing Cold Applications to the fevered Brow.

Through the Honeysuckles and Morning Glories he could see the long slope of Clover Pasture, with here and there a deliberate Cow, and the Steeple of the Re-

distant clump of Soft Maples. that he was nervously shattered and in urgent need of a most

heroic Bracer. Nurse readjusted his Pillow and told him that as soon as he came out of the Delirium he could dally

When he offered to compromise the Daughter of the Household. Luella by name, brought out a colored Chart showing the Interior of a Moderate Drinker's

Crutches they put him on the Hay Scales, and he thought the

Sports assembled in the Card-He said he had discovered the only Climate in the World.

Hotel at Once.

supply the Table and a well-

to fatten his impotent Income. Copyright, 1922. By the Bell Syndicate, The train was bowling through a

"It is the only town I ever found where you can live without working." into the drawing room to the flut-Loving Gurus-find the path to tering of maidenly hearts. the upper crust strewn with roses. Some are found out-but the All one has to do is to rise up on his hind legs, bray a sym-

phonic poem and you can't keep the shrimps away with a net. Professor Adlipsius announces that he will deliver a lectureonly for the sophisticated-on the subject of "Aeschylus vs Oedipus."

taker's coat, musses his hair and is greeted by the intelligenzia. He doesn't know what he is talking about; neither does his audience. And they do not know that he used to sell a corn salve on Sixth avenue.

He dons a flowing tie, an under

If the town hall announces "Ikons and Gothic Symptoms," all the high-brow rheumatics in town clamor for the front row. Perhaps the lecturer has found the perfect panacea. I have lived in New York so

long that all my small town caution has evaporated. They hook me through the gills along with the rest. I am bamboozled into attending Futurist art displays where three

pears and a dead trout are sym-

bolic of "Russia in Cataclysm" and

I find myself applauding. I'm

highest high-brow magazine of the age and \$1 a copy. There isn't

But not so long ago a native New Yorker who is marooned in a mid-West city came to town and

them up to ridicule." he comof it. I'm just getting even. Somebody has got to defend Main

York and I wouldn't live any place

where you can live without workwhere one can sleep all morning,

I couldn't do it back on Main Street. They'd find me out in a jiffy and I would have to go to

What I chiefly resent about the burg is the attitude of sophistication. That unless you happen to be born here you belong to the

the world-the Gordon brothersdid not hold forth in the Palace Hotel in Jay's Crossing, Texas. Not by a jugful. They caught their suckers under the shadow of Maxfield Parrish's

with startling regularity in the same hard-boiled vicinity, and don't forget it.

it is very impressive to have side of a Bottle. He looked like back at him he had a Complexion

There will be no storm of public derision if they catch you. Such

denounced me scathingly over the telephone for poking fun at native "You are always trying to hold plained. He doesn't know the half

doesn't attempt to satirize the yokelry. It is always good for a The truth is that I love New

It is the only town I know

Why shouldn't I love it? It is, too, the most interesting of cities. It is a doer among world capitals. There is excitement and

The shrewdest confidence men in

And they are still being caught

was giving a Chafing-Dish Party.

It was too bad that a Clubman, so eminent Socially, should be thus shot to Rags. When one with a spending possibility of \$2 a Minute is told by a Specialist to drink plenty of Hot Water,

recouping his Health, once he spent a whole Summer in Merrie England. He had bee, told by a Globe-Trotter that One lodging within a mile of Trafalgar Square The Explanation offered by

a Tub of the Dark Brew and a Frankfurter about the size of a So he went motoring in the Grape District and played Claret

At last he headed for the barbaric Region which an unkindly Fate had designated as Home, would really adapt itself to all the intricate Peculiarities of his complicated Ailment.

Often he would be found in the

Reception Room just next to the

shake down Parlor. After reading a few pages in a popular Magazine dated two Years back, he would be admitted to the little inside Room, where he would cower before the dollar-a-minute Specialist, who would apply a Dictagraph to the Heart Region and then say, "You are all Run Down." FOR FLORIDA.

Next day the Sufferer would

collect his folding Trunks and

Head-Ache Tablets and Hot-

Water Bags and start for Florida or California or the Piney Woods. But Florida seemed to enervate him. California was too unsettled. And the Piney Woods only

made him Pine more than ever. One Summer Day, when he was only about three jumps ahead of a Cataleptic Convulsion, he had to get on the Cars and take a long ride to inspect

The Chronic Invalid was locked in a State Room trying to work

When the Subject of this Treatise came to, he was propped up on the front porch of a Farm House with one Leg in

He was O. K. except that he would have to lie still for a few Weeks while the Bones did their

formed Church showing above a Agout two hours after emerging from the Trance, he made his customary Diagnosis and discovered

with a mug of Buttermilk.

Stomach. After that he was afraid to Chirp. Then ensued the Miracle. His Nerves began to uncoil themselves and lie down. He began to sit up and listen for the Toot of the Dinner Horn.

Thing was out of Whack, for he had taken on four Pounds. When he took his game Leg back to the Metropolis, he hurried to the Club and made a startling Report to all the broken-down

As soon as he could hobble on

He wanted to organize a Company and build a Million Dollar With a New York Steward to

stocked Cellar, the Resort ought to get all the class; Trade, for he hoped to die if the Air out there hadn't done more for him in One Month than Europe had done in the whole Year.

It is real comic opera to sit on

rug tie, gold headed cane, and, most important of all, crested calling cards. Zip! Right kersmack

'em Quinces."